

Stop Means Stop

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Summary: The Halliwells help rid a domestic violence protestor of a poltergeist problem

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>

Prue went into her boss' office after being specifically asked to see him about something. She opened the door to find him with the _San Francisco Times _sitting on his desk.

> "You wanted to see me, Mr. Fiji?" asked Prue.
 "Oh, yes. Ms. Halliwell. Have you read the _San Francisco Times _lately?"

> "Yes, I read it every morning at breakfast. Why?"
 "Because certainly you've heard of Ms. Mary Leryl then. She's all over the headlines."

> "Yes, I know her. That domestic violence person. She's set up programs all over the country to help with it. What about her?"
 "I want you to do an interview with her. I've set up everything. You're..."

> "Wait a second. I thought I was a photographer, not a journalist."
 "Oh, that. Well, I've decided to take a look at your journalism skills."

> "What do you mean?"
 "Tonight, I want you to prepare a list of questions for her so you can interview her, as well as take pictures of her. You may go home early to come up with some questions. You seem like you'd be a good journalist. Here's the article on Ms. Leryl so you can come up with questions."

> "Well, uh, that sounds great. I can do that. Thanks, Mr. Fiji."
 She was excited. This was her big break. Pictures _and _an article. She just couldn't wait to get started.

> She drove home, got out her laptop, booted up, and started typing out some questions. The next day, Prue drove to Mary's house.
 She rang the doorbell and Mary answered it, "Yes."

> "I'm Prue Halliwell. I've come to interview you."
 "Ah, yes. Won't you sit down?"

> They went inside and sat down in the family room.
 "Would you like some coffee?" asked Mary.

> "Yes, please."
 Mary went into the kitchen and came back with a pitcher of coffee and two mugs. She poured coffee into the mugs and handed one to Prue.

> "Thanks," said Prue, reaching for the mug. But as she did so, some unseen force sent it across the table and pushed it onto the floor, spilling hot coffee all over the rug.
 "Oh my God!" said Prue. "I am _so sorry!"_ But deep inside, Prue knew it wasn't her fault.

> "That's all right," said Mary, running to the kitchen. She came back with some rags and started cleaning. The mug was suddenly sent up onto the table and refilled with coffee and the mess vanished off the carpet.
 "I don't mean to pry, but does this happen often?" asked Prue.

> "Actually, it does," said Mary.
 "You may wanna get that checked out."

> "With who? The Ministry of Paranormal Incidents? Besides, it's just little things. Furniture moving, paintings falling. It's no big deal."
 "I speak from experience when I say a little deal can turn into a big deal."

> "Let's just get on with the interview and pretend this never happened."
 "Well, okay. What inspired you to get so involved in the domestic violence issue?"

> "I've experienced it. I was married once. And when my husband died, it was like a second chance. I inherited everything from him-including his money, which added up to \$90 thousand. But I didn't want a big mansion or a fancy car. I wanted to fight."
 "Fight what?"

> "Domestic violence. I wanted to make a difference in the world. So, I used to money to set up all these programs in every state. Plus, there's enough left for some material things for myself."
 "Do feel that you've done enough or that you still need to do more?"

> "More. More must be done. Did you know that every nine seconds, someone is experiencing this? I will not rest until all the beatings end."
 "I must say I like your Spirit. You really are concerned about this, aren't you?"

> "Yes. I've never felt more passionately about anything in my whole life."
 "I can tell. By the way, where's the bathroom?"

> "Over there. First door in the hallway."
 As Prue walked over to the bathroom, she saw a book lying on the floor. She picked it up and read the title: _Black Magick_. _What the hell is going on here, she thought. She wondered if Mary could be an evil Witch, but Prue couldn't imagine someone so worried about violence practicing black Magick. Still, she just couldn't think of a logical explanation for why such a thing would be floating around her house or why drinks would randomly spill and then clean themselves up.

> She put the book in her purse and, forgetting why she was in the hall, went back to finish the interview. Prue never mentioned the book. Mary never mentioned the Craft. But in Prue's mind, she was cooking up all sorts of guesses on what took place in that house.
 First thing Prue did when she got home was take out _Black Magick_ and skim through the thing. She was lead to a page folded down at the top edge. It said "Poltergeists" in big letters at the top.

> Phoebe came into the room and saw Prue reading the book.
 "Prue! oh my God!" exclaimed Phoebe. "You've resorted to the ways of the warlocks!"

> "No, Phoebe," said Prue, giggling. "I found this in one of my clients' houses."
 "So, you stole it?"

> "I wouldn't've if some strange Power didn't spill coffee and then clean it up again."
 "Oh. Well, that's something to be concerned

about. What do you think it is?"

> "I don't know. But I'd appreciate it if I could read the next word."
 Phoebe got the hint and left.

> After Prue had finished the passage on poltergeists, she called Piper at P3.
 "P3 Night Club. Manager and Owner, Piper Halliwell speaking. May I help you?"

> "Piper. We've got trouble."
 "You mean cast a spell, fight a demon, get my hair all screwy kind of trouble?"

> "Exactly."
 "Okay, let's just get this over with."

> "I was talking with a client today and I had a cup of coffee. When suddenly the coffee toppled over and then the stain disappeared."
 "Uh. Being a Witch sucks!"

> "What was that, Piper?"
 "Nothing. So, do you know what kind of demon it is?"

> "I have an idea. I think it's be a poltergeist. They have no physical form unless a certain spell is put upon it. But a poltergeist can only enter a house if a Witch uses Magick to invite it. Once it's in, it can't be sent out. It can only be killed. It shows itself mostly by moving things. The thing that puzzles me is, why would someone bring one right into their home. It would only hurt them."

> "Maybe because they hate someone that lives with them."

"Domestic violence. You know, my client was Mary Leryl."

> "Maybe the reason why she hates it so much is she's been victimized by it."
 "Or created it and feels guilty about it."

> "I doubt that. But people do surprise you with their hidden pasts sometimes. Listen, I gotta go. I have work to do. Bye."
 "Bye."

> While Prue and Piper talked, Phoebe picked up Mary's book and had a vision. She saw an unknown man sitting in a Magick circle. He chanted:

> "Poltergeist, step inside this house!
 Let your dark Power invade!

> Poltergeist, step inside this house!

> Invoke destruction from every way! "

>

Phoebe wrote down the chant on her hand and checked the marked page. The spell she'd written matched the spell in the book to invoke a poltergeist.

> When Prue hung up, Phoebe told her all about her premonition.
 "This doesn't make any sense," said Prue. "I'm gonna astral project to Mary's house and check it out. There's something very weird going on there."

> Prue saw Mary lying on the floor screaming and crying. Her arms were bleeding. Then, a voice said to her, "Don't cry. Let me help you" and Mary's wounds were healed.
 "Percy?" said Mary. "Is that you?"

> "Yes. I am here. The poltergeist won't hurt you."
 "Are you sure? It seems like it's always here. Just planning its next move."

> "For now, you'll be just fine. But I can't shield you forever."
 Prue stood there, watching all this. When suddenly, a glass vase flew towards her face. She sent it back, but it only moved a few inches before being moved right back at her. The vase kept moving back and forth by Prue and some other presence in the room until, finally, its particles exploded from all the force being sent through them. The pieces fell to the ground and vanished. She couldn't help but notice

the many Occult book titles on the shelves. Most of them were on good Magick, but she did find a few on dark Magick.

> But Prue had no choice. She had to project back for her own sake.
 "It's a poltergeist all right," said Prue to her sisters. "But I think there's two ghosts there. A good one and an evil one."

> By then, Piper had come home from work. "Do we have to face this thing tonight? I'm tired as hell! I need sleep."

> "Piper's right," said Prue. "It seemed like that other ghost could take care of Mary pretty well. Besides, we're all tired. And we won't be able to vanquish this thing if we can concentrate exactly right."
 "Good. You agree. Now let's sleep!" said Piper.

> The next morning, the Halliwells all drove up to Mary's house.
 "Listen, Ms. Leryl," said Piper.

> "Call me Mary," said Mary.
 "Okay, Mary," said Piper, "we can help you get rid of this thing. Really, we can. We just need to ask you a few questions. And you have to perfectly honest."

> "All right," said Mary. "Anything to get my home back. I trust you."
 "We believe there's an evil Spirit in your house," said Phoebe. "And also a good Spirit. And they're fighting each other over whether evil or good thrives in this place. Did this house belong to anyone before you moved in?"

> "No. But someone died in here. I actually saw it happen."
 "Tell us what happened," said Prue.

> "Remember when I told you that I've experienced domestic violence? Well, you probably thought I meant that I was a victim of it. But that's not true. I was at the other side. When I was married, I was the cause of it. I used to beat my husband, Percy, after he came home from work sometimes. This is actually how he died. But the cops thought it was his cancer. After the beatings, he would go upstairs and I could hear chanting. He read a lot about Magick and WitchCraft. I think he was using it to protect himself. And I think it worked. Because sometimes there seemed to be a force around him and I couldn't touch his body. And his cancer kept going in remission."

> At that moment, Piper froze her. "I'm sorry. I can't help this person."
 "But Piper, she's an innocent," said Prue. "And we protect the innocent."

> "She ain't innocent," said Piper. "She killed a man. How can I feel compassion for her?"
 "I'm with Piper," said Phoebe. "How do we know she doesn't deserve all this?"

> "Guys," said Prue, "I see you point. But letting someone die must be at least almost as bad as actually killing them yourself. And she's been fighting domestic violence all across America. She must feel horrible about what she's done. Or else why would she do so much to help?"
 "You're right, Prue," said Phoebe. "Piper, unfreeze."

> With hesitation, Piper unfroze Mary.
 "You know," said Prue, "a lot of the time, people become ghosts when they die because they have unfinished business to take care of. Maybe Percy did that."

> "Oh, I know he did," said Mary. "He comes to me sometimes and protects me from the poltergeist. You see, he used to have an interest only in good Magick. Whenever someone in the neighborhood got sick or something, he'd get out his candles and his books and his incense and whatever else he used and the problem was gone. But he got so mad at me. And for good reasons. And this gave him an interest in evil Magick. The last spell he used was to bring a poltergeist into this house. But now, I'm so ashamed about what I've done to Percy. So I make up for it with all the work I do. And I try to introduce the fact that sometimes it actually is the wife against the husband. He told me that he's forgiven me and will do whatever he can

to keep the poltergeist away from me. But the poltergeist can't be sent out since Percy's dead."
 "He wasn't the only Witch who can take care of a poltergeist," said Phoebe.

> They went home and looked through the book Prue had found in Mary's house.
 "Look at this!" Prue said. "'How to kill a poltergeist.'"

> Piper and Phoebe began cooking a potion to make a ghost take physical form while Prue practiced her telekinesis. They poured the potion into a glass recycle bottle, called Prue, and drove back to Mary's house.
 Piper knocked on the door, but no one answered it. They opened it to find Mary being approached by a butchers' knife suspended in the air. Piper froze it and poured the potion onto the floor. Misty red steam emerged and both Percy and the poltergeist took physical form. Percy appeared as a man with wings and the poltergeist became a giant serpent.

> The sisters joined hands and chanted:

—
> "Ghost that once brought bloodshed and pain,
 We Witches make you obedient and tame.

> Destroy yourself, vanish from the walls.
 Follow our commanding call."

>
 _

The poltergeist shattered to a thousand pieces. Percy said, "Looks like my work is done" and a light appeared above him and he vanished.

>

End
file.